

The Manager Of the B. & A.

By VAUGHAN KESTER

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CHAPTER XVIII.

BY 3 o'clock the saloons and stores, which had closed at noon, opened their doors, and Antioch emerged from the shadow of its funeral gloom.

By 4 o'clock a long procession of carriages and wagons was rumbling out of town. Those who had come from a distance were going home, but many lingered in the hope that the excitement was not all past.

An hour later a rumor reached Antioch that Roger Oakley had been captured. It spread about the streets like wildfire and penetrated to the stores and saloons. At first it was not believed.

Just who was responsible for the rumor no one knew, and no one cared, but soon the additional facts were being vouched for by a score of excited men that a search party from Barrow's Sawmills, which had been trailing the fugitive for two days, had effected his capture after a desperate fight in the northern woods and were bringing him to Antioch for identification. It was generally understood that if the prisoner proved to be Roger Oakley he would be spared the uncertainty of a trial. The threat was made openly that he would be strung up to the first convenient lamp post. As Mr. Britt remarked to a customer from Harrison for whom he was mixing a cocktail:

"It'd be a pity to keep a man of his years waiting; and what's the use of spending thousands of dollars for a conviction anyhow when everybody knows he done it?"

At this juncture Jim Brown, the sheriff, and Joe Weaver, the town marshal, were seen to cross the square with an air of importance and preoccupation. It was noted casually that the right hand coat pocket of each sagged suggestively. They disappeared into McElroy's lively stable. Fifty men and boys rushed precipitately in pursuit and were just in time to see the two officers pass out at the back of the stable and jump into a light road cart that stood in the alley. A moment later and they were whirling off uptown.

All previous doubt vanished instantly. It was agreed on all sides that they were probably acting on private information and had gone to bring in the prisoner. So strong was this conviction that a number of young men whose teams were hitched about the square promptly followed, and soon an anxious cavalcade emptied itself into the dusty country road.

Just beyond the corporation line the North street, as it was called, forked. Mr. Brown and his companion had taken the road which bore to the west and led straight to Barrow's Sawmills. Those who were first to reach the forks could still see the road cart a black dot in the distance.

The afternoon passed, and the dusk of evening came. Those of the townspeople who were still hanging about the square went home to supper. Unless a man could hire or borrow a horse there was not much temptation to start off on a wild goose chase, which, after all, might end only at Barrow's Sawmills.

Fortunately for him, Dan Oakley had gone to Chicago that morning, intending to see Holloway and resign. In view of what had happened it was impossible for him to remain in Antioch, nor could General Cornish expect him to.

Milton McClintock was at supper with his family when Mrs. Stapleton, who lived next door, broke in upon them without ceremony, crying excitedly.

"They've got him, and they're going to lynch him!"

Then she suddenly disappeared. McClintock from where he sat, holding a piece of bread within an inch of his lips and his mouth wide open to receive it, could see her through the window, her gray hair disheveled and tossed about her face, running from house to house, a gaunt rumor in flapping calico skirts.

He sprang to his feet when he saw her vanish around the corner of Lou Bentick's house across the way. "You keep the children in, Mary," he said sharply. "Don't let them into the street." And, snatching up his hat and coat, he made for the door, but his wife was there ahead of him and threw her arms about his neck.

"For God's sake, Milt, stay with the boys and me!" she ejaculated. "You don't know what may happen!"

Outside they heard the tramping of many feet coming nearer and nearer. They listened breathlessly.

"You don't know what may happen!" she repeated.

"Yes, I do, and they mustn't do it!" unclasping her hands. "Jim will be needing help." The sheriff was his wife's brother. "He's promised me he'd hang the old man himself or no one else should."

There was silence now in the street. The crowd had swept past the house.

"But the town's full of strangers. You can't do anything, and Jim can't!" "We can try. Look out for the children!"

And he was gone.

Mrs. McClintock turned to the boys, who were still at the table. "Go upstairs to your room and stay there until I tell you to come down," she commanded peremptorily. "There, don't bother me with questions!" For Joe, the youngest boy, was already whimpering. The other two, with white, scared faces, sat bolt upright in their chairs. "Some danger threatened. They

didn't know what this danger was and their very ignorance added to their terror.

"Do what I say!" she cried. At this they left the table and marched toward the stairs. Joe found courage to say:

"Ain't you coming too? George's afraid." But his mother did not hear him. She was at the window closing the shutters. In the next yard she saw old Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Stapleton's mother, carrying her potted plants into the house and scolding in a shrill, querulous voice.

McClintock, pulling on his coat as he ran, hurried up the street past the little white frame Methodist church. The crowd had the start of him, and the town seemed deserted except for the women and children who were everywhere, at open doors and windows, some pallid and pitying, some ugly with the brutal excitement they had caught from brothers or husbands.

As he passed the Emorys' he heard his name called. He glanced around and saw the doctor standing on the porch with Mrs. Emory and Constance.

"Will you go with me, McClintock?" the physician cried. At the same moment the boy drove his team to the door. McClintock took the fence at a bound and ran up the drive.

"There's no time to lose," he panted. "But," with a sudden, sickening sense of helplessness, "I don't know that we can stop them."

"At least he will not be alone." It was Constance who spoke. She was thinking of Oakley as struggling single handed to save his father from the howling, cursing rabble which had rushed up the street ten minutes before.

"No, he won't be alone," said McClintock, not understanding whom it was she meant. He climbed in beside the doctor.

"You haven't seen him?" the latter asked as he took the reins from the boy.

"Seen who?"

"Dan Oakley."

"He's on his way to Chicago. Went this morning."

"Thank God for that!" And he pulled in his horses to call back to Constance that Oakley had left Antioch. A look of instant relief came into her face. He turned again to McClintock.

"This is a bad business."

"Yes, we don't want no lynching, but it's lucky Oakley isn't here. I hadn't thought of what he'd do if he was."

"What a pity he ever sent for his father! But who could have foreseen this?" said the doctor sadly. McClintock shook his head.

"I can't believe the old man killed Ryder in cold blood. Why, he's as gentle as a lamb."

As they left the town off to the right in a field they saw a bareheaded woman racing after her two runaway sons, and then the distant shouts of men, mingled with the shrill cries of boys, reached their ears. The doctor shook out his reins and piled his whip.

"What if we are too late?" he said.

For answer McClintock swore. He was fearing that himself.

Two minutes later and they were up with the rear of the mob, where it straggled along on foot, sweating and dusty and hoarsely articulate. A little farther on and it was lost to sight in a thickened dip of the road. Out of this black shadow buggy after buggy flashed to show in the red dusk that lay on the treeless hillside beyond. On the mob's either flank, but keeping well out of the reach of their elders, slunk and skulked the village urchins.

"Looks as if all Antioch was here tonight," commented McClintock grimly.

"So much the better for us. Surely they are not all gone mad," answered the doctor.

"I wouldn't give a button for his chances."

The doctor drove recklessly into the crowd, which scattered to the right and left.

McClintock, bending low, scanned the faces which were raised toward them.

"The whole township's here. I don't know one in ten," he said, straightening up.

"I wish I could manage to run over a few," muttered the doctor savagely.

As they neared the forks of the road Dr. Emory pulled in his horses. A heavy farm wagon blocked the way, and the driver was stolidly indifferent alike to his entreaties and to McClintock's threat to break his head for him if he didn't move on. They were still shouting at him when a savage cry swelled up from the throats of those in advance. The murderer was being brought in from the east road.

"The brutes!" muttered the doctor, and he turned helplessly to McClintock.

"What are we going to do? What can we do?"

By way of answer McClintock stood up.

"I wish I could see Jim."

But Jim had taken the west road three hours before and was driving toward Barrow's Sawmills as fast as McElroy's best team could take him. When he reached there it was enough to make one's blood run cold to hear the good man curse.

"You wait here, doctor," cried McClintock. "You can't get past, and they seem to be coming this way now."

"Look out for yourself, Milt."

"Never fear for me."

He jumped down into the dusty, trampled road and foot by foot fought his way forward.

(To Be Continued.)

SISTER NOT HERE IS HIS OPINION

The Rev. L. A. Summers Returns to Tennessee.

Searched All Hiding Places in Paducah With Patrolman Cross Yesterday.

ALL CLEWS PROVED FALSE.

The Rev. L. O. Summers, of Greenfield, Tenn., has returned to his home after a second fruitless search through the city for his missing sister, Miss Lacey Summers, of Jackson, Tenn.

Rev. Summers learned that a young woman answering the description of his sister to an extent, registered on Tuesday night at the Craik hotel in Paducah under a different name and from Trenton, Tenn. He called yesterday on the proprietor of the hotel in company with Patrolman E. H. Cross, but after investigating, satisfied himself that it was not his sister, who had registered and spent the night at this hostelry. The young woman the next morning paid her bill and left.

The Rev. Mr. Summers was much broken up over his unsuccessful search, and returned home downcast. He said he would not take up the search again until he had something tangible to work on.

"We scoured the town yesterday, going every place where she might be hidden, and were unsuccessful," Patrolman Cross said. "I was of the opinion that Miss Summers is not here, but the brother wanted to satisfy himself."

JOHN D. FOR THE SIMPLE LIFE.

Oil King Comes Out as Exponent of Less Strenuous Existence.

Cleveland, Aug. 28.—John D. Rockefeller today came out as an exponent of the simple life. In a twenty-minute conversation with a newspaper correspondent he discussed a variety of topics, among them being newspapers and the mode of living, and joked about the heat. Although the morning was one of the hottest of the season, Mr. Rockefeller did not show any effects from the heat. Daily practice on his golf links has hardened him, and he can endure the sun as well as many many years his junior. He chatted freely with the reporter, delaying the Sunday school and detaining a room full of people waiting to shake his hand. "This is really one of the warmest days of the year, isn't it?" he remarked. "I shall have to put more tubing on the upper end of my thermometer at Forest Hill. I suppose the heat of today will be reflected in the headlines of the papers on the morrow," and his smile broadened as he chuckled over his little joke. His conversation showed that he is familiar with the newspapers of New York. He inquired as to their standing, the personality of their editors and discussed their policies. He said that the rapid life the Americans are leading was reflected in the New York papers.

Notice to Contractors.

Paducah, Ky., August 25, 1906.

Bids will be received at the office of the board of public works, city hall, Paducah, Ky., until 3 p. m. on August 29, 1906, for the following construction and reconstruction of streets and side-walks, as per plans and specifications on file at the city engineer's office, under ordinances providing for same:

First street from Broadway to Washington street, with vitrified paving block, curb and gutter.

Washington street from First to Third streets with vitrified paving block, curb and gutter.

Second street from Washington street to Kentucky avenue, with vitrified paving block, curb and gutter.

The following streets are to be improved with granite side-walks.

First street from Broadway to Washington street.

Second street from Kentucky avenue to Washington street.

Washington street from Second to Third street.

Side-walks on Washington street from First to Second street with vitrified paving brick.

Side-walks and combined curb and gutters on Jones street from Ninth to Eleventh street.

L. A. WASHINGTON, City Engineer.

Miss Jenks—"Have you really broken off your engagement to him?"

"Miss Flyte—"Oh, yes, I just had to. He was getting too sentimental—began to talk to me about matrimony."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Franz Ferdinand, who will succeed the Austrian emperor, is credited with the assertion that Hungary needs to be reconquered at least once in every century.

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418 South 9th St., 6 rooms, house good condition, at \$1,750, part time.

503 Fountain Ave., 6 room house, nice, water inside, excellent location. See me as to price which depends on terms of payment.

Some excellent farm offers near city, do now for sub-division and pay handsome profit at once on present prices.

Madison St. Fountain Park corner lot at \$650. Only chance in park.

Nice North 5th St. 9-room house in excellent condition at \$3,800. Only 3 blocks from Palmer House.

Three houses, rents about \$30 month, N. E. corner 6th and Ohio Sts., good investment at \$2,400.

Have at 1 1/2 times money to loan on farm land at 6 per cent interest, 10 years' time. Certainly getting money wanted if farm and title all right.

Have acre land just outside city limits, in very choice location, can sell in any quantity wanted from about 1 1/2 acres up. Well opened up with wide streets and best offers in this class about city.

Five acres fronting 515 feet on south side of Hinkleville road near city limits at \$300 acre. This land can be subdivided into lots and resold at handsome profit. Easy payments.

Five 4-room double houses on lots each 40x165 feet to 15 foot alley, on north side of Clay street between 12th and 13th streets at \$1,050 each, \$100 cash and balance in monthly payments of \$15. Rents now at \$10 month.

These are bargains for investment, as houses in good condition and ground rapidly rising in value. Take one or more.

One nice 7-room houses in city new, never been occupied, all modern conveniences, near Madison St. fronting on Fountain Ave. and opposite Lang park, at \$300, part on time. This is fine offer in good home. Look at it and see.

4 6-10 acres near Wallace Park, high, well drained, with excellent surroundings, 60 foot street in front of it, at \$1,000 on any reasonable payments desired.

First-class cottage of 5 rooms, just renovated throughout, on north side of Jefferson St. between 12th and 14th, at \$2,500.

Several Rowlandtown lots on \$5.00 monthly payments.

240 acres best farm in county, only 4 miles from city, \$1,500 cash and balance on 5 years time. See me if you want what will double in value in few years. Resell at twice the price long before payments are due.

FOR RENT.
Good 4-room house, newly papered, 1119 N. 12th St., at \$8.00 month.

595 Fountain Ave., 4-room cottage, front and back porches, hall, well shaded lot 49x150 feet, nice condition, 3 grate fire places, bargain at \$1,600 cash.

4-room house and 8 lots 40 feet wide, surrounded by lots sold and selling fast, at \$250 each, whole offer for \$2,000 which is a great bargain. See me and get details.

5-room house on east side S. 4th St., between Clark and Adams, at \$1,800.

7-room house, S. 4th between Clark and Adams, west side, sewer connections and modern conveniences, at \$2,850.

These are samples. Ask for what you want and we can furnish it.

A few more lots unsold in the Terrell Fountain Park addition at \$250 each on payments of \$25 cash and balance \$5 per month. These are the best monthly payment lots now to be had about the city and will soon be gone. More future rise in value in these lots than any you can get for homes.

For Sale—Six-room cottage, on S. E. corner 7th and Harrison; lot 57 ft. 9 inches by 165 feet; stable, servants' house; on long, easy payments. Only \$500 cash. See me for details and get home in best residence part of north side.

Chance for colored people. Have half dozen houses for sale at prices \$500 to \$1000 on very easy payments. Small cash and afterwards by the month.

Now is the time to get small places for country homes. Can sell nice lots from 5 acres up in very desirable location, near electric cars.

9-room house, 5 blocks from post-office, north side, sewer connected, in best part of city, at \$3,500, of this only \$500 cash, balance \$30 month.

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